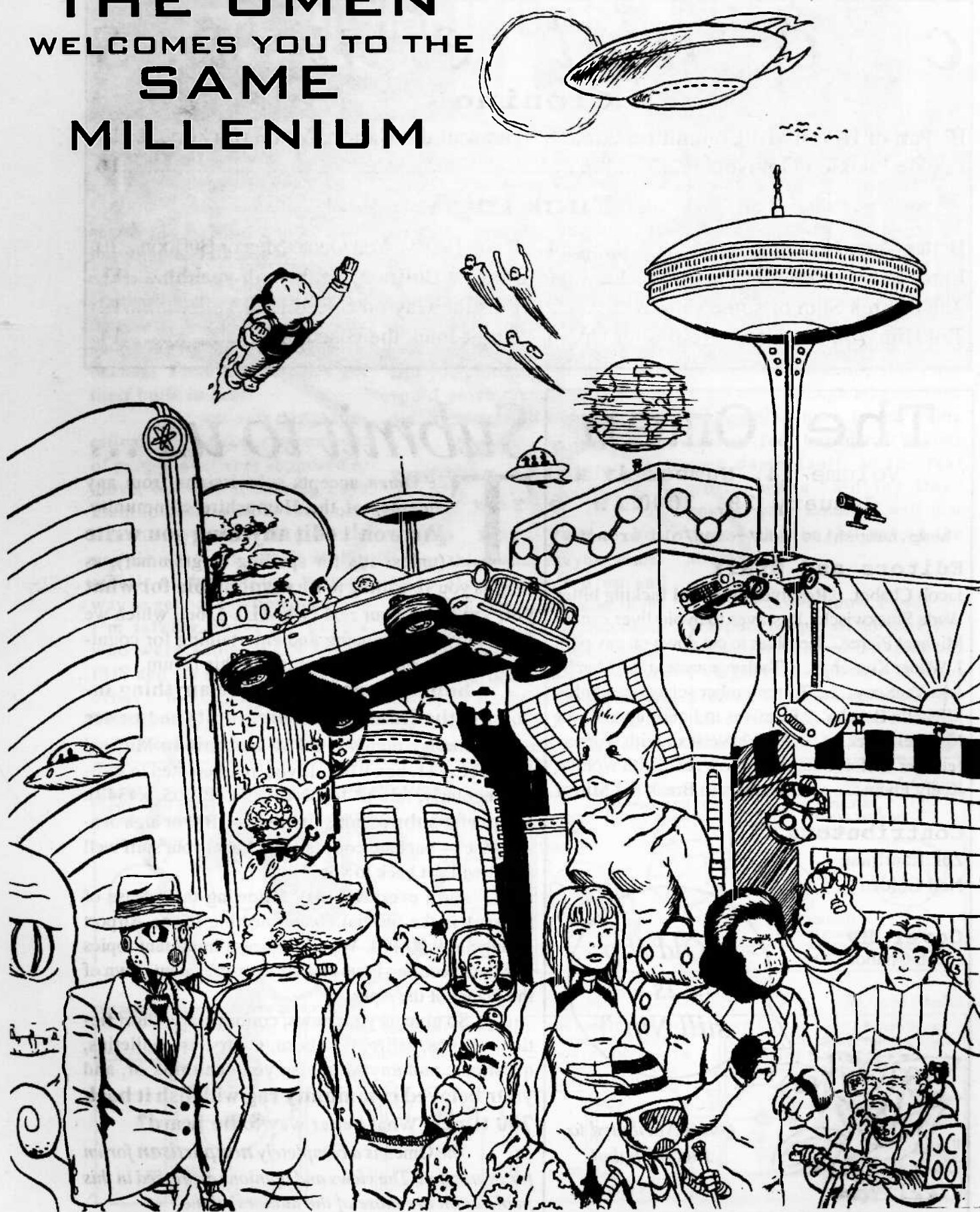


THE OMEN

WELCOMES YOU TO THE
SAME
MILLENNIUM



c o n t e n t s

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The Omen

Volume 14, Number 1
January 28, 2000

hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/old_archive

Editors and Staff

Jacob Chabot.....Resolves to be real fucking bitter
Wade Stuckwisch...Resolves to avoid liver cancer
Michael Pierce.....Resolves to cut down on gay porn
J. Wilder Konschak.....To change name to Ben Murphy
Jess VanScoy.....To remember scissors and glue
Michelle Beach.....Resolves to liquor up and riot
Michael Zole.....Will have sex...with women
Jennifer Gifford.....Will have sex...with women
Keely Flynn.....Resolves to Break her Mirror

Contributors

Zak Kauffman
Neil Golden

Cover By
Jacob Chabot



"Old Nip
is
still Nip."

Quote Attributed to
Jacob Chabot

Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as

long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce (C-411, box 916)**. If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-305, x4349). **We prefer submissions on disk**—IBM or high density Mac—but **hard copy is okay**. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to **be heard**?

*The Omen is a completely **nonpartisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.*



The Human Speaks!

An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

Well, Moving Day has come and gone. Only this time, there seemed to be a little more hubbub than usual. Maybe it's due to the ever increasing amount of students on this campus. Maybe there was just a lot more people switching rooms. Or, maybe it's because some people can't get their butts in gear.

I am referring specifically to the abnormal amount of people who were supposed to move, but didn't, causing Phys Plant to have to move them out. I'm not even talking about people who are stuck in the middle of the Amazon, with no way to get back in time to move. I'm talking about the people who were actually ON CAMPUS and for some reason or another WOULDN'T MOVE THEIR STUFF into their new, self-chosen room. So, instead,

PP had to work the weekend, lugging your stuff up and down stairs. You were the one who decided to move. You didn't absolutely have to; you already had a room. What, were you so out of it you forgot it was Moving Day? Put down that pipe, man! Were you so lazy that you just didn't want to right now? Did you promise your buddy that you'd move them out, but then didn't get up until eight p.m.?

You people tend to think that the world will stop for you. You never think that maybe somebody else had gotten up and moved all their shit at nine in the morning so that they could move into your room on time, did ya? You think that you can just do whatever you want without any repercussions. Well I got news for you: the world doesn't like

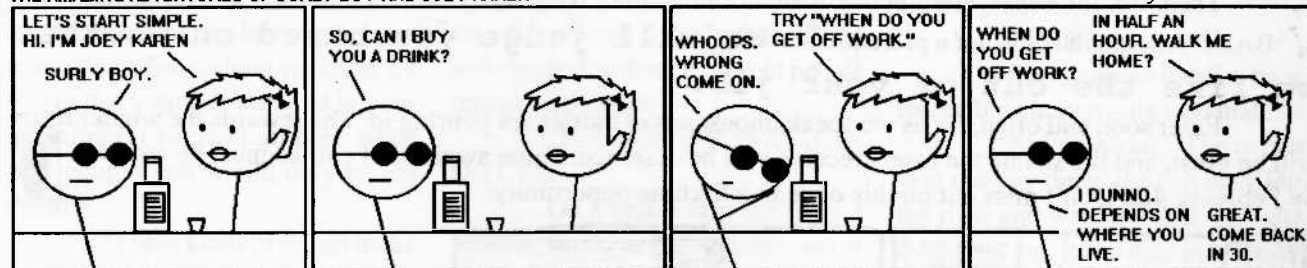
to bend over backwards to make your life easier. You're the people who take lounge furniture. You're the people who try to con their way into Saga and think we don't know it. You're the people who think that if you don't do something, somebody else will. So why bother.

Now, you better not be pissing and moaning that Phys Plant went through all your stuff or how you have to pay some sort of fee, because it's your own damn fault. In the real world, when "Moving Day" comes, your landlord will just throw all your shit out on the street.

P.S.—I know I pick on you poor people all the time, but without the *Forward* to pick on, I've got nothing better to do. I promise I'll find a new enemy—**AS SOON AS YOU STOP BEING SO RETARDED!**

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND JOEY KAREN

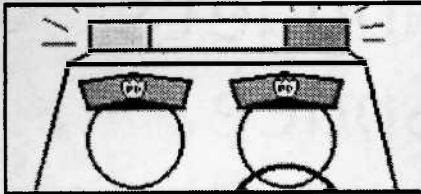
by Jacob Chabot



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY

by Jacob Chabot





POLICE LOG!

November 30 - December 6

Fire Alarm

Nov. 30, 10:58 p.m.: Greenwich cooking smoke
Dec. 6, 6:02 p.m.: Greenwich cooking smoke

Intrusion Alarm

Dec. 3, 7:33 a.m.: Admissions House; accidental

Disturbance

Dec. 3, 12:47 p.m.: Johnson Library Gallery, loud music lowered
Dec. 4, 3:09 a.m.: Enfield noise complaint
Dec. 5, 1:50 a.m.: Greenwich inebriated individuals bothering students

Motor Vehicle Stop

Nov. 30, 6:50 p.m.: Johnson Library Drive excessive speed
Dec. 1, 6:04 p.m.: Enfield Lot excessive speeding/stop sign
Dec. 1, 7:23 p.m.: Back Gate excessive speeding—warning
Dec. 1, 10:51 p.m.: Main Drive excessive speeding/stop sign
Dec. 2, 12:27 a.m.: Johnson Road stop sign violation—verbal warning

Miscellaneous

Nov. 30, 5:25 p.m.: Dakin—no info at this time (what the HELL is this?!)
Dec. 2, 3:24 a.m.: Merrill students turning breaker switch off

Vandalism

Dec. 2, 2:05 a.m.: Film and Photo window shattered with rock—no suspects

Larceny

Dec. 5, 12:15 p.m.: Prescott electronic equipment

Found Property

Dec. 2, 11:45 a.m.: Cole Science Center Garden mountain bike

Motor Vehicle Parking

Dec. 4, 5:40 p.m.: Dakin lot access lane—on grass



It's Your Last Chance!

by Jacob Chabot

Hear ye! Hear ye! We are now entering week five of the First Semi Annual Comic Strip Contest of Champions Extravaganza of the Millenium! The rules are simple. You draw, assemble, form, or other wise create a comic strip up to one page long based on the following three panels. It can describe what happens before, after, or between these panels.

Then, we, the *Omen* Staff, being of superior breeding wil judge your work and deem it either "GOOD" or "BAD." Artistic talent is not a prerequisite. **We will judge you based on whether we like the cut of your jib.**

Enter soon and often, for as we speak, thousands of entries are pouring in. The rewards the winner reaps will be great, and the shame the losers receive will be deserved. Fame awaits! All entries must be received by February 4th. Don't miss out on this once in a lifetime opportunity.



Bingo

by Michael Benni Pierce

On a piece of paper floating in the river, the words were written.

"Time and again it is always the small things in life that make us happiest. From the view of the sun setting over the mountains to the price of unleaded gas falling five cents per gallon on Super Sunday, the little things are the things that we humans live for. This is not to say that the big things are always unhappy. On the contrary, the big things that occur in our lives are usually those that have moments of happiness so intense that we may never experience them again. However, big events such as these only stay that way for a short while before they become terrible burdens, wells of sadness, or a guilt trip to the farthest reaches of the universe.

"In other words, it is the small things that keep us happy because they are unexpected, short, and have no future repercussions. Like finding out that you've won a free gift for purchasing a five-year subscription to Playboy. Or the relief of coming home to a clean house after you return home from a long vacation. Or seeing that your pet survived in your steaming car for over an hour when you thought you would only be ten minutes.

"These kinds of things make our lives easier, and thus add an element of happiness to them. However, these small things can sometimes begin to rule our lives if we are not careful. For example, drinking alcohol. As long as you do not become an alcoholic, drinking is a practice that you can enjoy in small quantities. Or playing video games. Or wrestling. Or sex. Or gambling. Or porno. Or mastur-

bating. Or porno. Or watching *Kids in the Hall*."

There was another piece of paper in the river. This piece of paper had the words, **"The smart people are smart and I'm dumb because I'm not smart so buy me a beer and read my autobiography for it's only a pop-up book,"** scrolled on it.

Standing in the river only a few feet away from these pieces of paper was a boy, no more than twelve years of age, fishing. He had a simple rod and reel, with a small bit of earthworm on a hook beneath the surface of the river. He enjoyed fishing. It was one of the small things that took him away from the larger problems of life.

Across the river in the elderly person's home, over a dozen people enjoyed the fast paced action of Bingo. The caller of the game was actually quite a young man, but he saw this activity to be both fulfilling and cheerful, as long as the old people remained tolerant.

"B-7. N-34. O-9. B-22. G-19. O-11. I-2."

On a bridge near the river, a woman stared into the rippling water at her lovely reflection. She made faces at herself and felt the loveliness of her image flow through her. G-15.

A bottle floated in the river. It caressed the surface of the river, riding under the bridge. When it emerged from the other side, it passed directly through the woman's image. This disruption broke her trance, and she suddenly became sad.



Inside of the bottle was a note. This note was written with human blood. It read, "My name is Regis. I am trapped on a desert island in the Pacific. Send help. I am still alive, living off of raw fish. I feel lightheaded ..." The note ends there in a very smeared shade of maroon.

At that moment, the twelve-year old boy ripped his rod out of the river with a living fish hanging onto the earthworm. He reached for it and grabbed it. He pulled it off and studied it as he did with all fish he caught. He felt it suffocating in his hand, its gills trying to fill its body with life. As far as the boy knew, the fish felt nothing. As far as the fish knew, he was dying, and suffering, and not enjoying this one bit. He was just hungry.

Eating is one of the small things in life for humans. N-24. O-36. B-9. B-2. I-99.

On the other side of the first note were the words, "Don't underestimate the small things. Happiness is key to survival. The small things are happiness."

"BINGO!!"

"Jimmy, throw that fish back. Its not big enough - its too small."

"Alright Mom." The twelve year old boy threw the fish back into the river and watched as it now also floated on top. It had died in his hand. But what did it matter? It was too small - a thing too small to matter to anyone.

Just like the dead body of Regis that was now floating in the ocean. Suicide was his last small thing. The big things had gotten to him and this was his last option - unexpected, short, and without future repercussions.



by Wade Stuckwisch

Darrel gripped the bill of his worn baseball cap tightly, his head against the wall opposite Eugene's room. His thumb grasped the edge of the brim as his little finger explored his closed left eye. Sometimes things could get to be too much. Especially for Darrel.

"Eugene. I know you're in there. Open the damn door!"

Darrel peeked over his shoulder. He knew Eugene was home. Eugene never left his room except for a handful of set routine activities—meals and classes, mostly—unless he was with Darrel or one of Darrel's friends. There are advantages to being a kid's only real friend. Being the friend with a car helped too.

The soft click of the door lock escaped clandestinely from behind the closed door. A safe number of moments later, a soft but edgy voice called from somewhere within.

"Door's open. Come in."

Darrel turned, opened the door, and upon entering Eugene's room nearly tripped over a slim cable leading from the desk to the bed. Darrel's eyes followed the cable to the bed, where it was attached to a mouse. The mouse was attached to Eugene. Eugene appeared unmoved by the near-fatal accident. His eyes were fixed intently on the placid and orderly computer screen across the room on the desk.

Darrel stepped deftly over

the mouse cable and landed one foot safely between two piles of books, papers, and clothing. He refused to be unnerved by the incident. Not today.

Perching on the end of Eugene's bed, Darrel glanced at the screen. The tiny mouse pointer pirouetted proudly across a grid of light gray squares. Where it landed, either a colored number or a tiny red flag appeared, as mathematics and probability would dictate. **It was a ballet of computational genius applied to intent monotony. God bless modern science,** Darrel thought.

"You missed lunch," Darrel noted.

Eugene's reply was a grunt which defied interpretation. Darrel noted the stack of empty pizza boxes within the distance of a quick toss from the bed. Eugene had probably missed much more than just today's lunch.

"Jeff and Aaron said they haven't seen you all weekend," Darrel continued. Eugene's eyes remained fixed firmly on the screen. Frustrated, Darrel crossed over to the desk and turned off the monitor. Immediately Eugene sprang up and swatted him out of the way, delivering a litany of curses as he did so. Power was quickly re-established to the computer monitor, and Eugene was

back on the bed and back to his game.

Darrel sat silently for a few more moments, not wishing to make the first move in the conversation. If he was being forced into a chess match of wills, there was no way he was taking the white pieces this time—not without a fight. Silence reigned uncontested. In desperation Darrel picked up a textbok off the floor and began reading. Eugene finally cracked.

"So, how was your trip home?" Eugene surrendered. He made a few last desperate mouse clicks in search of a foothold into the wall of unyielding numbers between him and victory. Sadly, his last click stumbled onto a square not meant to be revealed. The square turned red and the screen exploded with blotchy black icons resembling some sort of crushed insect. Eugene felt a brief flash of pity, then coldly recalled that the icons weren't even meant to be insects. He briefly mourned the fact there were no insects to pity, then started a new game.

Darrel gladly picked up on the conversation starter and dropped the book into his lap. "It was all right. I didn't really do all that much. Saw a couple movies..."

He waited for Eugene to pick up the link in the conversation, but Eugene was lost in electronic combat once again. Darrel surrendered and completed his own thought. "I saw *Man On The Moon*, that was pretty good but it's not like it changed my life or any-

thing. I guess it was OK. Oh yeah, and I saw that Radiohead documentary, *Meeting People Is Easy*."

"How was that?" Eugene finally volunteered.

"Oh, it was really good, but I still want to be a rock star anyway." Darrel suddenly realized that Eugene had strategically killed the conversation. Check. Damn. Darrel tried desperately to continue his line of conversation. "So ... you see anything over break?"

Eugene submitted. "I rented a couple flicks. *Arlington Road*, that was really good. That and *Suicide Kings*, but that was really bad."

"You really thought so?" Darrel replied. "I thought it was funny in a *Pulp Fiction* sort of way." Darrel was at a loss for a follow-up; thus the conversation died as quickly as it began. Eugene made another poorly placed click and the game exploded in his face again. As he clicked on the dead smiley-face to start a new game, he began to feel bad for the poor smiling icon. His recklessness had killed it, and he felt bad for poking it with the sharp point of the cursor just so he could blow it up again. What a life ...

Darrel was tired of the silence. "All right, Eugene, cut that out and talk to me. Have you been playing that game all weekend?"

For the first time Eugene's eyes left the computer screen and turned to Darrel. His faraway stare glowed with irritation and the radiation of the cathode-ray tube. "Let me," he began, "explain something to you. I have finally come to the conclusion that life is not worth living, and death is meaningless. Therefore I have found the one most simple thing that entertains me, and I am now devoting the rest of my living days to enjoying it. I plan to no longer

leave my room except to attend classes, defecate, and obtain nourishment. Therefore, I welcome you to come visit me, as long as you allow me to continue playing."

"That is the absolute stupidest thing I've ever heard of in my life," Darrel replied. "It's not even a decent game! What exactly made you come upon this brilliant plan of yours anyway?"

Eugene did not answer. Instead, an evil cheshire grin crossed Eugene's lips. "You never called her, did you?" he asked Darrel.

"Hold on a second, don't change the subject," Darrel snapped back. "We were talking about you. **Why don't you become a heroin addict, or masturbate, or just watch TV—or at least pick a decent fucking game? Why fucking ...**"

Eugene did not allow him to even finish. "Too difficult, too taxing, and too inconsistent, respectively—as I'm sure you can appreciate, as you have yet to respond to my question."

Darrel's thumb went firmly back to the brim of the baseball cap. This time he stroked his face with the remaining fingers. "OK, fine," he finally surrendered. "No, I didn't call. I went home, I thought about it, I even stayed an extra day because I thought I could force myself to call. I even got as far as getting out my address book, looking up her number, and standing by the phone for five minutes, then I just wound up calling somebody else. So yeah, I didn't fucking call. I couldn't ask her out in high school, and now I can't even bring myself to call her to see how she's

doing. Happy now?"

Eugene's grin bridged his ears. "And why not?"

"I don't fucking know, I just couldn't!" Darrel whipped off his cap and fiercely creased the brim as his return attack came to him. "I mean, who are you to talk, mister bed-ridden Windows-game-playing life-not-worth-living piece of shit? I swear to God you need fucking therapy or something. I mean, at least I'm going on with my life. At least I'm still willing to get up, go out, and still deal with people, even if every once in a while ..."

"You know what, Darrel?" Eugene said. He was no longer grinning. His eyes were back to the game. "I'm really getting sick of your bitching." Suddenly the numbers on the screen coalesced. Eugene made a few deft strokes and the remaining rased squares fell peacefully. The smiley-face icon donned a pair of sunglasses.

The cap returned to Darrel's head, brim freshly and permanently creased. Darrel rediscovered the book in his lap and threw it across the room. He lept to his feet and glowered above the reclining Eugene. Then he delivered his final attack.

"I ... I ... *I hope you fucking fall in love, you asshole!*"

Eugene's smile returned as he poked the smiley-face once again and eradicated its cool shades. The field of gray squares obediently jumped to. He might not have even noticed Darrel leaving, had he not felt the mouse cable jerk taut as Darrel crossed in front of him. Eugene watched in horrifying, nauseating, cliché slow motion as the computer tower began to tip over. The door slammed as the tower overcame its center of balance. Darrel never even heard the crash.

COMMENTARY



Good Books Mofackey!

by Jacob Chabot

I read a hell of a lot of comic books. I buy around five a week. I have several boxes of unread free comics from when I worked at Marvel. And I read just about everything, from *Archie* comics, to *Spider-Man*, to *Sandman*, to *Cerebus*, to *Planet Racers*. Here are a few of the comic books that I consider the cream of the crop right now, the ones I look forward to reading every month.

Liberty Meadows, by Frank Cho—The “funny pages” are usually filled with the same rehashed shit. Garfield hates Mondays. Good ol’ Charlie Brown can’t kick the football. Cathy can’t get laid. And don’t even get me started about the artwork. Now that *Calvin and Hobbes* and *The Far Side* are gone, it seems that nobody is putting much creative energy into their work. Then came Frank Cho and *Liberty Meadows*. Cho throws everything into this strip, funny animals (of the talking and non-talking variety), monkeys,

dinosaurs fighting monkeys, beautiful women, pop culture, comedy, action, and mayhem all wrapped up in some well done art. The only problem is, due to the *Non-Family Circus* like attitude the strip has (i.e. lots of smoking, drinking, busty gals, jokes about sudden infant death) most newspapers don’t carry it. So what does Cho do? He puts them into a comic book. And what a fine book it be.

The Authority, by Warren Ellis and Bryan Hitch—If you like superheroes at all, than this is your book. This book is superheroes to the tenth power. This book is superheroes on speed. This book is like the biggest, baddest (in the good sense of the word) summer blockbuster everstarring superheroes. The Authority is a team of heroes that closely resemble Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, Dr. Fate, Hawkman and all those guys. And they don’t do anything less than saving the world in any issue. In the first story arc, they have to take on a whole country. In the second story arc, they have to fend off a universe. Currently, they’re fighting a race of aliens that might as well be God. The artwork and especially the coloring have a very cinematic feel to them. It’s like reading a comic in widescreen. Jack Hawksmore (*The God of Cities*—haven’t figured out who he’s supposed to be yet, maybe the Flash) punches people so hard their heads

explode. The Doctor (the Dr. Fate character) is always getting hopped up on goofballs. The Midnighter (Batman, but cooler. If you can believe that.) can run through every possible outcome of a fight before it starts. Also, he and Apollo (Superman) are so subtly gay that I didn’t catch it until I reread it sev-



The Spleen, Ladies and Gentlemen.

eral times. I thought Apollo was just telling him a secret. You can tell this is a good book because I reread it at all. Even with all these comics that I haven’t read at all yet lying around.

Top Ten, by Alan Moore and Gene Ha—Some of you pretentious comic affectionados may recognize Alan Moore. Yes, that Alan Moore. The one that wrote your precious *Watchmen* and *V for Vendetta*. Now he’s writing an entire line of comics called without bragging too much, America’s Best Comics. *Top Ten* is my favorite of the bunch. It’s about the police department in a city

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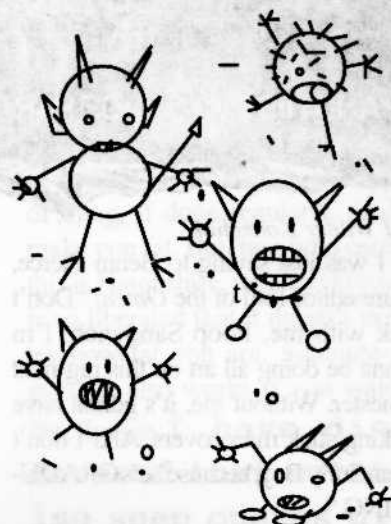
Here. I have a secret to tell you.

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where everybody has super powers. Everybody. The kids, the street vendors, the cabbies, the hookers, dogs, cats, mice, everybody. They don't explain why, and nobody acts like it's other than normal. The cops don't fight supervillains, they do regular cop stuff like trying to keep prostitutes off the streets, breaking up gang riots, track down peeping toms, solve homicides, and deal with inter-office politics. Only all of the cops and perps have powers. Take this situation. Girl One is a nudist cop who uses her chameleon skin power to create fashions. Then she finds out that the police sergeant, a talking dog in a robot suit, is color blind, and therefore sees her naked all the time. Or when the rookie, a girl called Toybox who controls toys and her bitter old partner, an invincible guy named Smax, bust up a gang and arrest the son of Gograh. Then dad, who is a giant godzilla-like monster who drinks beer straight from the truck, shows up drunk and protests his son's arrest.

Mystery Men Comics, by Bob Burden and assorted artists—As much as I liked the *Mystery Men* movie, it wasn't the same as the old Burden comics where the Spleen isn't a guy with gas, he's a guy who's spleen was replaced with a radioactive ham while he was sleeping. But, due to the movie, I get to read all new *Mystery Men* comics! The series is supposed to feature rotating themes. Stories about the *Mystery Men* as a team, origin stories of the *Mystery Men*, solo *Mystery Men* stories, and *All Villain Comics*. Unfortunately, this comic has been plagued by the terminal disease of NOT COMING OUT ON TIME. Only four issues have come out since this summer. Granted they have been good issues, containing good art (despite the fact that there is no regular artist) and Bob Burden writing with his usual tint of surrealism, but as they say, "Out of sight, out of mind." My favorite issues so far were the first one, where the Spleen, the Strangler (he

the article goblins eat up space



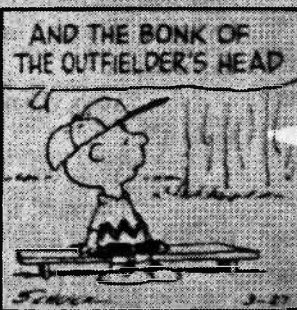
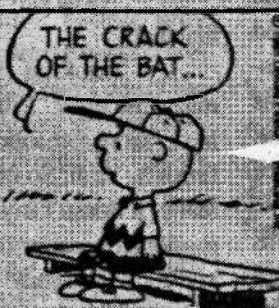
strangles people, get it?), and *Metro Marauder* all go out to the junkyard early in the morning to fight a monster they dub "Culligan Man," and the *All Villain* issue featuring the downfall of *Yellow Rider* and the *Tennessee Thunderbird*, two men so evil they put a puppy down the garbage disposal. Ut! Good book mofackey!

Peanuts

(Ravenous Dog of Wasted Childhood)

What the fuck is wrong with this sad, sad world?

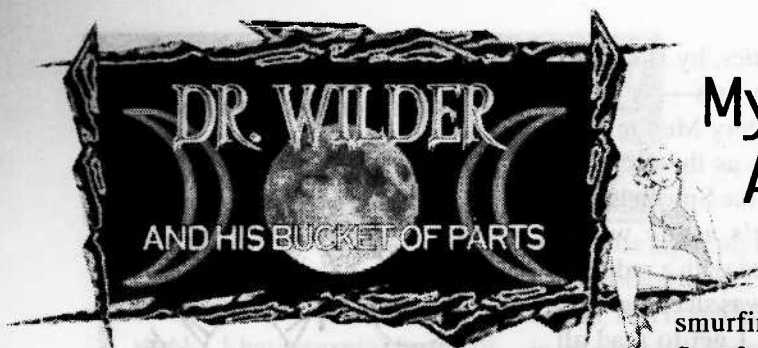
WHY MUST I ENDLESSLY SUFFER?



Must I be unloved til my senseless unfulfilled demise ends this PAIN?

Luckily, I am sexually aroused by the suffering of others.

Nihilistic German Translations - by JW Konschak



My Night With Wade: A Very Rushed Jan Term Article

by J Wilder Konschak

As I was just saying to Benni Pierce, future editor-lord of the *Omen*: "Don't fuck with me, Poop Sandwich, I'm gonna be doing all art on this rag next semester. Without me, it's gonna have fucking stick man covers. And I don't mean Surly Boy, because he's GRADUATING."

"Yeah, Benni, you're a poop sandwich with lettuce," says Jessica VanScoy, staff interior decorator, and transcriber of the Police Logs.

"Man, that's harsh. That lettuce stuff took me by surprise," retorts Benni.

Yes, it's another night at the *Omen*. Benni is whining. Pizza is being consumed by pizza addicts, who will eat day old moldy slices. Jacob is making a another luxurious cover. Zole glares over my shoulder, talking about his mad homeys from Connecticut. Michelle and Travis grace us with some Scotch Whiskey and their heart-warming field of love. Now, Mark Hugo has returned from exile and graces us with his presence once again. But, above all this rabble rises the *Omen*'s shining star: Wade Stuckwich. The heart and soul of the campus's most read publication.

The unfortunate thing for this campus is that Wade simply does not have enough time to visit and meet every Hampshire student.

"Well, if you haven't gone crazy and compared yourself to Hitler, you're still alright," says Mark Hugo, compassionately.

"This is true," says Travis.

The discussion turns to the idea of a Special Smurf Tribute Issue of the magazine. Of course, it's quick-witted Wade who gives us the punch-line of the brainstorm. "Did you see the Page 10 volume 14 number 1

smurfing dress that Smurfette was wearing last night? Smurf, I wanna smurfing smurf her wet smurf all night long."

Ah, Wade. So much of your brilliance is lost upon our dull minds.

But, so that the cream-of-the-crop of our reading public might someday appreciate the wonder that is Wade, I have taken it upon myself to dictate just a single hour of Wade's speech; a single hour of My Night With Wade. Here, I present it to you:

"Man! Fuck these magazines!

"Man, dude, this shit is greasy.

"You're transcribing everything I say.

"The jig is up! It's been ruined!

"(belch) Fine ... I just won't say anything ...

"(mumbles)

"Now why would I say a thing like that?

Looking through a *Cosmo* magazine quiz: "I'm guessing I'm going to score romantic hazard on this if I finish it. Yeah. So this is all about sex, really, it doesn't say if you'd be compassionate or caring or anything like that, you know. You could just be a sex-crazed bitch and this magazine would fucking love you, Victoria's Secret or whatever the fuck it is."

"Yeah, you need to bribe a boy to do it."

"Yeah, but ... I dunno.

"Dammit! It's conversational English! I don't sound stupid!

"I like English.

"It's the language of many great men through out history ... like Jesse "The Body" Ventura, for example.

Albert Einstein. Eventually. Abe Vigoda spoke English. Correction, speaks English. He's still on *Conan O'Brian* every once in a while. I guess. I haven't seen him. I don't think they'd make jokes about a dead guy."

Reading the screen back to me, "Albert Einstein. Eventually. Abe Vigoda spoke English. Fucking ... Albert Einstein. (belch) (giggle) (laugh)"

Let the record show that Wade gave Jacob "the finger"

"The quotation marks make it look so dirty."

"Pork!? At Saga?

"Not really. Only when they have the stuff at saga with the stuffing. It was decent. It had turkey in it. Cubes of turkey are usually good. Potatoes? Y'know, they could have put the cubes of turkey in with the potatoes. That would have been interesting. Why are you flipping me off?"

(belch)

Let the record show that Wade threw a condom at Jacob.

"No I didn't. No I didn't. I did not. Why would something like that be sitting on a windowsill for me to throw? Obviously what I threw was Tylenol flu. Maximum strength." Changing subject: "So tell me about your experiences with the Kimono condoms. That's what I hear. Those are the ones that are like this big around. Okay. Maybe not that big. But they're pretty fucking big. Man, you're good at that."

(funny sound from computer)

"What the hell is that noise that goes (funny sound)?"

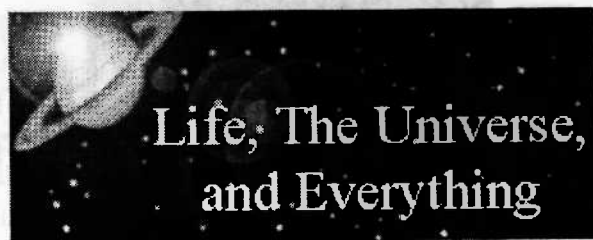
"Dude! This shit is ass!!!"

"I'm not sure if I should be insulted or like, really flattered by this article."

Nor do I Wade. Nor do I.



A Word Of Advice



by Jennifer Gifford

So, Jan Term is over and thank God, 'cause if I had to take one more minute of that insane boredom I honestly and truly would have gone too far out of my mind to be saved. You know, I'm a little bitter because none of my older, wiser friends deemed it necessary to tell me that Jan Term is hell—even worse hell than spending an extra month with my family. Maybe Jan Term is just a huge prank the older students play on us lame ass first years. Ha. Ha.

But I, as most other humans, do adapt. I found ways of coping with the situation, and I will give this knowledge to any of you who are thinking of braving Jan Term next year. Of course, my first and best advice is to stay as far away as you can. Even getting a job would have been better than this insane torture. But for those who can't resist the urge to punish themselves, I call this "Jymm's Cure for Blindness" or "Shooting Flies on a Wall".

1. Call your family. I'm sure all of you have relatives—someone has got to be funding those drug habits. If you're really bored, you can call more than one relative in a day, but I would recommend spreading it out. Relatives will only talk to you so much in one week. Especially if they're paying for it. I found it helpful to call collect. The extra dialing took me a few extra minutes, and I didn't have to pay for the call. You can cry about how bored you are, ask to have everything you own sent to you by mail, or make up fabulous stories about all of the useful ways in which you are oc-

cupying your time. Like finally finishing that paper that was due in November. Or that time consuming search for a job. Uh huh.

2. Get trashed. This is sure to occupy an entire evening. And it's an easy way to convince other people to hang out with you. Of course, as a responsible citizen, I should say this: "Drugs are not a way to solve your problems" and this: "Drinking under the age of 21 is illegal." But it sure makes for a good time.

3. Play video games. I myself found it very therapeutic to practice shooting people in the head. Especially Benni. *James Bond* ain't got nothin' on me! This alternative wastes massive amounts of time, and also helps to relieve tension. And all of those studies about video games raising stress levels...well that's all bunk. It can also be helpful to watch other people play video games, especially one's you don't understand. I can't count the hours I spent watching certain other *Omen* staff members play *Starcraft*. Great Fun!!

4. See lots of movies. I personally saw three in the theater and watched four more in the comfort of my own home. It doesn't really matter if they're good or not. In fact, it's better if they suck....then you can spend time afterward telling your friends exactly why they suck. Like when I saw *Magnolia*. I was up till like four in the morning expounding on why writers should not invade your space. This gives you an excuse to eat massive amounts

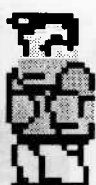
of junk food. Of course, this type of thing, if done regularly, could make you fat. But, hey, who cares, this is Hampshire, where everyone is so liberated that it doesn't matter how fat you are. Sidenote- I guess it also works if you watch TV, though **I have discovered that watching soap operas diminishes your ability to deal with life.**

5. Leave. Get out. Go anywhere you can. I went to New York, where someone else's mother made me chocolate mousse and quiche. While life at Hampshire slows to a dull murmur, life elsewhere is going at full speed. It's not a good idea, though, to go back to your own home. That will only trick you into believing that Hampshire is the place that you want to be.

You could, of course, occupy this time with something useful. You could get done all of the things that you didn't do last semester. You could finally become the productive citizen that the world, and your parents, so desperately want you to become. But it is my experience that Hampshire students tend to avoid doing anything useful if they can help it. And if they are forced to do something useful, like writing this article, for instance, they will end it as soon as possible. Because I am a Hampshire student, and am violently opposed to doing anything that could be of any use to anyone, this article is over. Goodbye. **O**



Section ZOLE



Zole Spins the Mad Phat Gamez

by Michael Zole

So, how was your vacation/Jan term? Mine was all right, thanks. But I know you're just humoring me in the hopes that I'll start talking about video games. Fair enough. Besides fighting with my computer and listening to Shonen Knife and the Bloodhound Gang, video games are about all I've done for the past month. And no, that's not "sad"—don't judge me!

January is generally a slow month for games. See, over the years, companies that produce products have figured out that people spend a lot of money around Christmas, especially on entertainment products. And, marketing geniuses that they are, the game publishers pressure their programmers to finish their games before Christmas to get that all-important holiday boost! **(They don't say Christmas, of course; they say "the holidays." But they mean Christmas. Anti-Semantic bastards.)**

Anyway, the upshot of this is that we get tons of games in December but fewer in January, since the programmers are busy bandaging their wrists. It's a tough industry. This method also ensures that the games that ship during the fourth quarter are chock full of bugs, limitations, and other rough edges. For example, Sony's *Gran Turismo 2* shipped in time for Christmas, but it was incomplete. I am told that in its current state, it is only possible to finish 98.2% of the game (measured by an in-game

counter) presumably because the last 1.8% was not finished. Fear not, though, as Sony has pledged to either finish the remaining 1.8% of the game, or adjust the percentage meter so it goes to 100.

Speaking of early-shipping, bug-ridden games, I spent much of my vacation playing *Ultima: Ascension*. *Ascension* is the epic conclusion to the 9-game *Ultima* series which began way the hell back in the early 80s, during the Men At Work era. *Ascension* is by far the most detailed game I've ever played, and one of the few that has convincingly portrayed a fantasy world. You can go almost anywhere, poke around remote areas and find hidden items, or just run around the countryside killin' giant rats. Also, there's a big grandiose plot or something. But the experience is somewhat marred by the fact that it runs like ass (read "slowly") on the average computer, such as mine. If you can get over that, the voice acting is horrible, with faux British accents and even weirder Americanisms contradicting the pseudo-medieval atmosphere. The whole *Ascension* experience is just a little hokey, but as a longtime *Ultima* fan, I spent most of my time slogging away at it, trying to get the Glyph of Justice to lift the curse from the town of Moonglow or whatever. For the rest of you, though, I recommend you play something else.

Moving on, I received many neat games for Christmas, although I haven't played them too much because of my Shonen Knife/*Ascension* regimen. But there's always time for one more game, as I'm fond of saying during the last

week of the semester. Up first was *Toy Commander* for the Dreamcast. In this game you take control of various toy vehicles and try to complete various mission objectives, which may involve airlifting marshmallows into a mug of hot chocolate or obliterating an enemy fortress made of cereal boxes. It's fun, original, and incredibly hard. Give it a try if you like that kind of thing.

When that got too frustrating, I played *Armada*, also for the Dreamcast. *Armada* is essentially an *Asteroids* clone with role-playing elements, and a significant *Gauntlet* influence. If you didn't understand that sentence, here's the game in a nutshell: you fly around in space shooting things (like *Asteroids*) and picking up experience and money (like a role-playing game) that can be used to upgrade your ship. Four people can play at once (like *Gauntlet*), which I have not experienced, but I imagine it would be lots of fun. It reminds me of the time I brought my Nintendo to high school for the purposes of playing *Gauntlet II* with my schoolmates, unaware that my school (despite being a private school) had an unwritten rule against video games, even during lunch periods. But the important thing is, before we got shut down, we *bonded*. We need more four-player cooperative games, don't we?

Speaking of cooperative games, I received another Dreamcast game which is anything but. This game is called *The King of Fighters: Dream Match 1999*. As the "1999" implies, *King of Fighters* is a game that has received a new iteration every year since (I believe) 1994. It is

continued on next page

continued from previous page
an old school *Street Fighter* type game, and though the formula may be old, it works. *King of Fighters* features fighters from SNK games such as *Fatal Fury* and a bunch of others that were only released in Japan. This makes for an impressive roster of 38 characters. My favorite is Athena, who magically cycles through five outfits at the beginning of each match. Nothing too exciting here, but I've seen too many failed attempts at innovation, and it's nice to see that someone knows how to just polish the formula.

But here I am, going on and on about the Dreamcast when none of you own one (for which I will bark at you in a future article, since I am a Fanboy). "Did you get any PlayStation games for Christmas, Zole?" Well, yes I did, and let me tell you about them. One was *Final Fantasy Anthology*, which probably needs no introduction. It's basically *Final Fantasy V* and *VI* with a few added cutscenes, but otherwise identical to the original Super NES versions. Unfortunately the American version of *Anthology* lacks *Final Fantasy IV*, which was present in the Japanese

version and is my favorite game in the whole damn series. *Five* and *Six* look good, though (I haven't played them much yet) and since *Five* was never released in America, it's good to see it now. Just a warning, though, if you pick this one up: **video games have come a long way since the Super NES, and some of the once-impressive visual effects look a bit silly now.**

Also on my PlayStation menu was *Ape Escape*, a 3D action/platform game and homage to *Super Mario 64*. Your goal is to go back in time to prevent an evil supervillain from taking over the world with super-intelligent monkeys. You know, the usual. For some reason, *Ape Escape* requires the Dual Shock analog controller; you use the left stick to move and the right stick to attack with your "weapon" (nets and such). I'm not sure why this method of control is necessary, as it actually makes controlling your character harder, but what do I know? Anyway, it's a good game, so buy it.

Before I leave you to your Sodexo-Marriott entrée, I would like to say a few words on the Nintendo 64. I own one, and it was the system that sold me on "new school" video games (before that I was strictly 8-bit). I think the best, most original games of the 1990s have all been on Nintendo systems, and the Nintendo 64 itself is a great system, albeit a limited one. However, there has been very little from Nintendo to excite me about the system lately, and I've left mine at home so my sister can play *Mario Kart* with her friends.

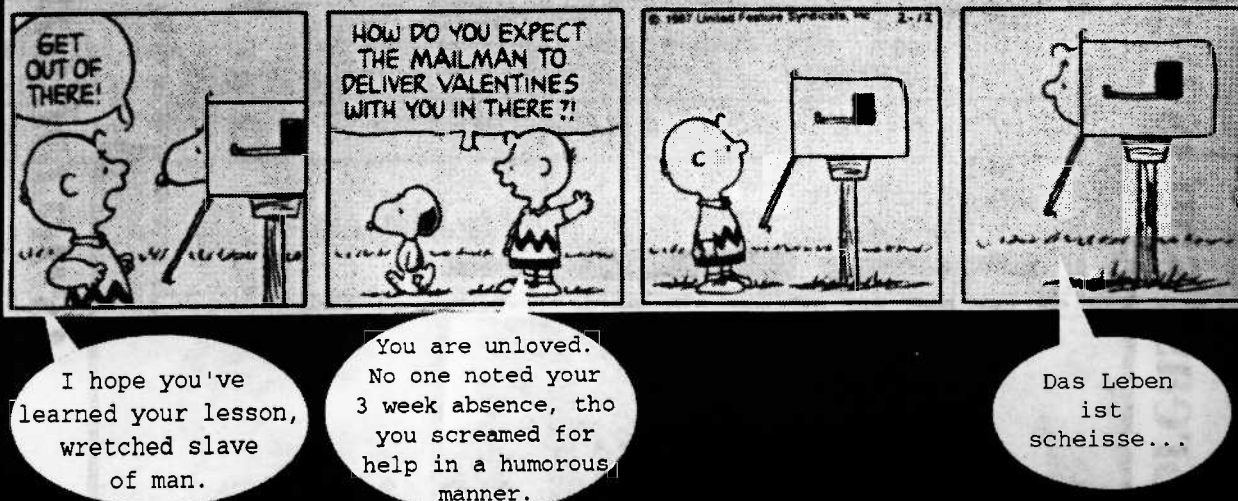
If you don't understand why the Nintendo 64 is in trouble, read this quote from the January 21 update of ign.com:

"IGN64 will have much more on *Mario Party 2*, the recipient of our esteemed Game of the Month award, including the review next week. *Mario Party 2* is the only N64 game expected to come out this month."

It took me a few seconds to realize that this boils down to "*Mario Party 2* is the best game of the month, but it's the only game of the month." **Damn.**

Nihilistic German Translations - by JW Konschak

Peanuts (Ravenous Dog Of Wasted Childhood)





Blah Blah Blah Blah

by Jessica "Jessica Van Scoy" Van Scoy
I have come to one conclusion this January. Jan Term is evil. It lures you in with short, easy classes and all this free time in which to spend with friends and get that work done that you should have done last semester. In actuality, you become an alcoholic with soap opera problems and realizations that you know more than your "professor." Oh, yeah, and bruises on your ass from slipping on the damn ice.

My Christmas was typical. Old friends that I've already re-hashed memories with are still around, but no more interesting than the last time I reminisced. My grandmother even cried at Christmas while we were opening our presents. Don't ask me why, I just don't know. We all just sat there trying to calm her down, but making it worse in the process. I received presents that weren't even close to what I asked for, and to

top it all off, our Rock 'n Roll Christmas CD was lost over the year. It had this great song by Run DMC.

The bus ride home was long and tiresome. There was a retarded man on the bus who was the only one gutsy enough to tell the driver that the special movie, "Notting Hill," was shut off. His name was Leroy and I dug him. Two homeless men took to me like Dear Abby; so in my two hours to spare in SPRINGFIELD, I tried to make it all better. Thank god this guy I knew from Hampshire was there to hang out with the rest of the time. He and his friend even gave me a ride back to Hampshire. I was this close to walking with my insane amount of luggage in negative degree weather. They even put on a show for me. Was that Lionel Richie, boys? I was thinking so. They got DOWN. And jesus help me, I did too. Mad props to you both!

My Jan Term prof seemed a

little tripped out."Yeah, hi, like, yeah, what's your name again?" I think she knew about ten more things than I did. If I asked her a question she would either a) look in the book for the answer, or b) ask someone sitting beside me. So, I bought the books and taught myself. You would think that the Jan Term people would know who they were hiring. **What the hell did I waste my time and money for?**

The answer to that lies in your social life. But, alas, the blasted snow and apathetic persons on this campus...so I basically took a lot of pictures, wrote and listened to the Smiths my whole vacation. And avoided my Div I projects. That was fun. But as my father tells me all the time, "There is no pleasure in having nothing to do...the fun is having lots to do and not doing it..."

I'm bored. Come do something with me.

Who says I don't pay my dues?!

Breast sag is ugly...

JESSICA VANSKOY HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE AMHERST, MA 01002		419
DATE Jan 22, 2000		
PAID TO Gregory Prince		\$ 1,000,000.00
One million dollars and 00/100		DOLLARS
FOR Drugs		
JESSICA VANSKOY		

dangerous!



Ode to the Buzz Cut

by Zak Kauffman

Now that we officially live in the future, I think it's time we all adopted uniform clothing and haircuts. TV has taught us that all successful future races have done so, and if we are to continue to be profitable as a species we must do the same. I'm not sure what the clothing should be (anything silver will be fine), but as for the haircut I think the obvious answer is the greatest haircut on earth, the buzzcut.

Like Buddha and Bull from *Night Court* before us, it's time that humanity discovered the higher plane of hairstyle offered by the buzzcut that can lead us into the golden age.

The buzzcut is a hairstyle that offers endless benefits and possibilities without the pain and strife caused by lesser hairstyles, and has the potential to unite the world for a better tomorrow.

Imagine a world in which the sum total of all of your hair care needs amounted

to a finger of shampoo every four days. In this world there would be no war, as no one would be able to tell all of the little bald headed soldiers apart. There would be no racism in buzzworld, as the skinheads would no longer have a cool gimmick with which to get attention (OK, that really only takes care of one group so there would still be some racism). In buzzworld, the hat and suntan lotion industries would finally take their rightful places as the twin cornerstones of the world economy. No one in buzzworld would know the anguish of taking off a hat to discover they had helmet hair, or of having their cheap hair dye run under a hateful sun.

Now I know what you're thinking: the buzzcut is an offensively boring, crappy, just plain stupid haircut that no one but nerds and army dumbasses wear. This is a lie spread by the communists, who hate the buzzcut for the freedom it represents. The truth is that the buzzcut gives a talented user the aerodynamic good looks necessary to graduate college (and when you go to a college without tests, nothing matters more than your looks). For you

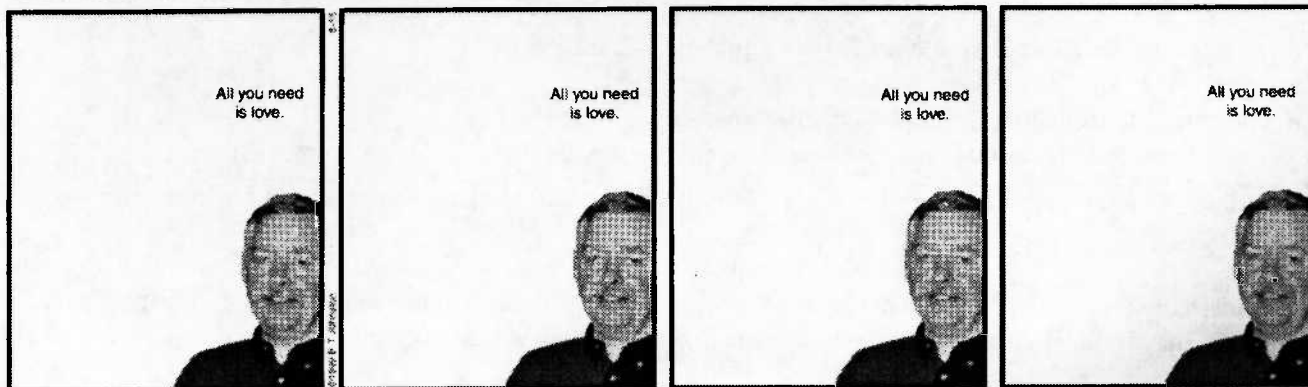
women who are worried that the spherical power of the buzzcut will rob them of their sex appeal, just ask yourself this: what could be sexier than a forehead that never ends? **And guys, when you have a buzzcut, girls like to rub your head.**

The buzz cut gives you a whole new surface on which to get your body decorated. You can finally get that full body tattoo of Europe you've always wanted without having to stop at the hairline and skipping Prague. Or if that's not your thing, help out your friendly shadow government by getting your name tattooed on your skull, making satellite identifications easier.

Now, I think the single biggest selling point of the buzzcut is that girls will rub your head when you have one. However, the amount of head rubbing is likely to decrease once a nationwide program is instituted, so it is vital to get in on the ground floor of this. Everyone wishing to join me in the cause meet me behind SAGA tomorrow night. Bring a razor and make sure you're not followed.

Oh, Mumford! by B. T. Johnston

by Neil Golden



Application For Nookie

by Wade Stuckwisch

Ever notice how difficult it can be to negotiate a romantic and/or sexual encounter on this campus? Everything is so vague and nebulous, especially in the early stages. And there's no guarantee that everything won't fall apart in the end... Well, *The Omen* has a solution for you! If you're in the hunt, photocopy this simple application and place a pile conspicuously outside your place of residence. If you're in the market for some lovin', a little pavement pounding and a touch of paperwork can hook you up with the hookup of your dreams, with all the groundwork already laid out on paper! It's not legally binding—yet—but at least this time you'll have a piece of paper to wave in your ex's face when he/she runs off with the secretary.

APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT WITH _____, INC.
(your name)

Name: _____ Birthdate: _____ Sex: M / F*
Measurements: _____ Education: _____ Contact Info: _____
* _____, Inc. (is/is not) a gender-biased employer.

Where did you learn of this opportunity?

☐ Friends ☐ Word of Mouth ☐ Bathroom Wall ☐ *Omen* Article ☐ Active Recruitment

Previous experience: Please list names, positions, and dates for last 5 employers:

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)
- 4)
- 5)

May we contact your previous employers? (Y/N) If no, then why not?

Are you a convicted felon? (Y/N) If yes, please explain:

I am applying for a (pick one): (Temp / Part Time / Full Time / Management) position.

Hours per week: _____ # Weeks per Year: _____

Expected salary: Monetary _____ Emotional _____ Time _____ Sexual _____

Why are you interested this position? (Check all that apply)

☐ Need work badly ☐ Revenge on previous employer(s) ☐ Looking for real-world experience
☐ Heard good things about corporation ☐ Bored ☐ True, undying love

Do you have any special skills that would benefit our corporation?

Do you have a source of transportation? (If yes, include picture)

Are you currently romantically employed, either part- or full-time? (Y/N)

If yes, does your current employer know you are applying for supplementary employment? (Y/N)

Please include a resume, a photograph, a complete notarized mental history and a clean bill of health with this Application.

_____, Inc. reserves the right to terminate this contract should any portion of this application prove misleading or falsified, and will not be responsible for any damages, including incidental, resulting therewith. Applicants may be required to complete a training period without full pay and benefits for up to two weeks.

